How He Might Have Been Rich, with a

"How high do you s'pose them clouds is. grandpop?" said little Peleg one rainy day, as he gazed at the dark and heavily charged banks of vapor that were rolling and tumbling about over the top of Sol's Ridge,
"Dunno," said the Old Settler. "Dunno, an'

don't keer. Me an' clouds bain't p'tic'lar good frien's, an' I've got tol'able fair reason, b'gosh, ben' down on em. Them clouds ez yer speakin' of is high enough, I s'pose, to 'tend to the business they've got on hand, but high ez they be they wouldn't begin to reach any ways nigh to the top o' ol' Squawkee Hill th't usety look down onter me wen I were a boy in the Bugar Swamp deestric'. Ye never know'd, did ye. Peleg, th't I orter be richer th'n any twentyeight men th' is in this hull county, an' would be, too, if sumpin' sing'lar hadn't happened winet to my poor of pop? Didn't know that, did ve. Peleg ?

"No" exclaimed Peleg. "Would I be rich. too, it you was, grandpop?"
"Can't say, sonny !" replied the Old Settler. "I mowt leave ve rollin' in wealth, like a twosear-old heller in knee-deep clover. an' then ag'in I mowt cut ye off without a shil'n, an' leave to chaw dry husks I'm sun-up till the cows hum, jist 'cordin' to how the sperrit handled me. Blesseddis them th't don't bev nuthin'. Peleg. for they don't hef to lay awake ights thinkin' w'at they'd better do with it. It mus be a ter'ble thing to hef to make up yer

It mus be a ter'ble thing to hef to make up yer nind to cut somebody off without a shiin an to put in yer wiit in't they'll hed to chaw dry pasks the rest o' their days. Mebbe it's lucky fer you th't sumpin' happened to my poor o' poor ez p'vented me i'm bein' the richest feller-citizen o' the county. It 'd be jis' like me to take the liea o' makin' setch a will ez that, an' you wouldn't keer to chaw dry husks all the rest o' yer days, would ye. Feleg?"

"Why, grandpop," said Feleg, "I wouldn't have to if I didn't want to, would I?"

"What!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "Not if it were in the will? Be keerful, Feleg! Wills is solemn things, an' the laws th't says they must be carried out cording to the way they're writ is the stiffest laws th' is! Wills is the unly dockyments th't has executioners appined to see th't they'm carried out, an' ye know wat an executioner is, sonny. If I sh'd cut you off in my will without a shill'n' an' put it down th't dry husks was to be yer fodder, the executioner o' that will 'd hef to see to it th't the cuttin' off were done clus an' snug, an o' course 'd he! to see to it th' the pervisions ez to husks' d hef to be carried out sinilar. That's the law, Peleg, an' if ye ever went to holdin' out see in it an' savin' th' ye ever went to holdin' out see in it an' savin' th' ye ever went to holdin' out see in it an' savin' th' ye ever went to holdin' out see in it an' savin' th' ye ever went to holdin' out see in it an' savin' th' ye ever went to holdin' out see in it an' savin' th' ye ever went to holdin' out see in it an' savin' th' ye ever went to holdin' out see in it an' savin' th' ye ever went to holdin' out see in it an' savin' th' ye ever went to holdin' out see in it an' savin' th' ye ever went to holdin' out see in it an' savin' the year ever went to holdin' out see in it an' savin' the year event ever and the see to it the per see and the see to it t to hasks d hef to be carried out similar. That's the law. Pelog, an'if ye ever went to holdin' out ag'in it an' savin' th't ye wouldn't foller out the will, w'y-weil, ye know w'at executioners is, sonny. So mebbe it's a lucky thing th't I hain't got nuthin' to make a will with, an' consekently can't cut ye off without a shil'n. Better is cut straw an' b an, anyhow, Pelog, th'n tough bed an' a dull carvin' knife. Them clouds is mebbe a miled high."

"And they wouldn't reach to the top of

an' a dull carvin' knife. Them clouds is mebbe a miled high."

"And they wouldn't reach to the top of Squawkee Hill? Wh-e-e-w." There was much incredulity in that whistle of Peleg's.

"Wen were it th't ye see of Squawkee last, sonny?" asked the Old Settler.

"I ain't never seen it at all, "replied Peleg.

"Oh! ye hain't, hey?" said the Old Settler, with a trace of sarcasm. "I thort th't mebbe ye'd jist kim in fin measurin' of it, an' th't it mowt ha' shrinked a little sence I usety knaw it. Gosht'lmighty. Peleg! Tain't no pleasure on ne to nev of Squawkee more'n a miled high! Quite t'otherways, fer if it hadn't stuck its top-knot clean up thar 'bove the clouds, ez if it had an idee th't th' were gointer be another flood, an' it had to stan't thar an' ketch the ark ez it kim aloug, my poor of pop wouldn't ha'

if it had an idee th't th' were gointer be another flood, an' it had to stan' thar an' ketch the ark selt kim along, my poor of pop wouldn't ha' had to take his gray hairs in sorrer to the buryin' groun'. an 'I'd ha' r'ared up in the lap o' lux'ry, an' snorted an' pranced by the still waters of ease an' in the green pastur's o' plenty, ez Dominie Van Slocum mowt say. W'it is cloude made of, Peleg?"

"Well, I gue-s the most that's in'em is water, 'teplied Pelen.

"Tis, hey?" said the Old Settler. "Water! Wull, mebbe they make their clouds outen water nowadays, but them hain't the kind o' clouds th't usety try to sneak up an' hide the op o' o'! Squawkee. No. sir! Thom clouds was—wull, sonny, I'il tell ye. Squawkee Hill shot up tow'rds the sky so suddent an' pos'-tive like th't nobody in Sugar Swamp never thort o' setch a thing ez tryin' to find out w'at kind o' game th' were th't scrimmaged round on the hill outer a miled or so up, an' so the top knot of Squawkee were consider'd ez a kinder second cousin to the North Pole, an' nobody never keered nuther 'twere diskivered or not. 'though the Injins th't was holdin' title to Sugar Swamp, an' Squawkee—w'en human 'loiks begun to squat down in the deestric—usety to swar up an down th't th' was a gold mine an' a sliver mine an' I guess a d'mon' mine or two some're on the top' Squawkee, w'ich was only waitin' fer gee—won human loss begun to squate down in the deestric'—usery to sw'ar up an down th't th' was a gold mine an' a silver mine an' I guess a d'inon' mine or two some'rs on the top o' Squawkee, w'ich was only waitin' fer some feller to orawl up thar an' dig inter 'em an' lug the shiny stuff hum an' ast no odds o' nobody. But none o' them Injins know'd the path th' t' dead up to them mines, or, leastways, they said they didn't, 'though my ol' nop usery say th' he know'd better, an' th' the injins k'd go right to the spot if they keerd to. So thar folks lived 'roun' the foot o' o'! Squawkee, grubbin' away like woodpeckers, jist to raise a little corn an' a lew 'taiers, w'ile somers roun' the top o' the hill was heaps an' heaps o' the root o' all evil to be onrooted.

"One day, w'en my pop were a young man yit, tryin' to git together a few sheep an' things, the biggest eagle, i spose, sonny, th't ever showed up in the deestric' swooped down on pop's clearin' an' levied on a lamb th't pop wouldn't ha' took nine shil'n fer. The eagle grabbed the lamb, an' way he went with it up to ard the head o' o'! Squawkee.

"Gabrel's trump!" my pop hollered. He allus hollered 'Gabr'el's trump wen he were worked up. 'Gabr'el's trump he hollers. 'I can't spare that air lamb,' he says. 'That lamb is sold!' he says.

"So he grabted his gun, an' away he went up the shie o' Squawkee, crazy wild, list ez if 'twa'n' to more of a job to ketch an eagle th'n it were to corner up a chicken an' gether it in. Up an' up he went, not keerin' no more fer rocks th'n if they was feather beds, an' actin' ezif gulleys twenty foot wide an' a hundred foot deep wa'n't nuthin' more to jump acrost th'n a ditch in his back medder. Ev'ry wunst in awhile he'd hel to stop an' slat a bear or two over th' time.

thin a ditch in his back medder. Every winst in awhile hed hel to stop an slat a bear or two over the riz up an acted se though they didn't prove o' strangers explorin' them pastur's, sal wunst he had to clutch with a painter, an show him th't he wa'n't et al. when he were out on business. Them little intruntions made my pop mad, 'cause he wa's't out arter b'ar nor painter, but were loaded big fer eagle an hankerin' pitclar after sheep. Course, the eagle had got so fur away long 'fore my pop got half a miled un ol' Souawkee th't nobody a'd ha' got nigh him with a b'loon, but pop were ter'ile sot in his ways, an'he had the grit in him to foller that eagle ex long ex th' were anylan' or stun to give him a footholt if it took him to the moon, an'so he kep' on up that mountain.

"Atter hid riz up an' up shove the green in the mountain."

that mountain.

"Arter h'd riz up an' up above the grovelin' level o' Sugar Swamp for a couple hours or level of Sugar Swamp for a couple hours or more, leavin his path strewed with onforthit bar an' nainter th' hadn't never met him afore an' didn't know his ways, my pep said he begun to leel a leetle tired. He wan't nowers night the top o' Sanawkee yit, but he thort o' that lamb o' his n an' gritted his teeth an' pulled ahead.

nighthe top o' Squawkee yit, but he thorf o' that lamb o' his n an' gritted his teeth an' pulled ahead.

"Mebbe I won't git nuthin' o' that lamb but the peit,' he said, 'but I'il wring the neck o' that eagle, b' gosh!' save he.

"So top he clim an' he clim', an' all of a suddent be knocked his head agin sumpln' that give him setch a setback th't he foun' hisself seith' suar' down quicker'n he k'd say beeswar. He looked up, an' he see sumpin' th't he thort at fust ware a ceilin, but the nex' missue he know'd jist the huil stituation. He had run he head agin the bottom of a cloud th' were hasging around thar, to'ards the top o' bruswkee an' the cloud wan't one o' the kind th' liked to be showed around, an' it jist stood still an' hop had to set down. Wull, thar the cloud stood, stiff an' thick an' shet off pop's road up the mountain. But he had started out fer satisaction o' some kind, an' he wa'n't to let a cloud raise up an' euchre him. He onbuckled his hatchet, an' begun to chop a hole through the cloud. He chopped in fer two or three foot, an the air got cooler an' cooler all the time. Suchernly his axe went through clean up to his hand, an' the nex' second out kim a stream o' hallstun like a mill ruce. That cloud were carryin' a cargo o' hall, an' w'en pop tapied it an' let the hall out, it went a rattlin' down the side o' o' Squawkee like a cartyract. I' jided up inter a guiley four hundred foot deen, half a miled below where the cloud were hangin, an' thel the guiley chuck up an 'runin orer. The hallstun were tigger th'n winterped the cloud jist ex he did it 'd salled over Sugar Swamp an' emptied it elf an' kwered the cloud is the side o' o' squawkee like a cattyract it pede and a last got out in sight o' he halls' he coul were fillin' em. dearm shell they was ice houses, an' the d were film' em, ly pop claim up through the hole in the d. an' at last got out in sight o' the top o' drawkee as in, an' dag right alread fer the causa he said he know'd th't the eagle th't sole his lamb were jould' some 'rs aroun' on, cause he said he know'd th't the eagle th't had stole his lamb were loadin's ome is aroun't lar. I'an berron to git a lectle winded by this time an he stomed to rest a lectle. He were healy his other he described he had heard ones bein't he Devi's hidler, but wich nobody from Sugar Swamp hadn't never see alore. That holes were straight up an'down fer so for th't th' didn't seem to be no bottom to it had he were that a miled wide. Bride other was kinder 'teerd to fiv'er-st that belief, it were cheen an'd ark an o'rful look n'. I'm didn't keer to load thar long an'started un ar in to a dis the too, his mad bein' stifler'n ever ag in the eagle. Himeby he tim to a steep ledge not one ren'en foot high. Th' was scraged in the stiff in the walk faut a handed lose an he kill git aroun the ledge easy; but that wouldn't dofer him, an'he grabbed hoit o' one o'the loades an me menced to haul hisself fight in the face o' the rock. He had his hall weight on the bushes an'emenced to haul hisself fight in the face o' the rock. He had his hall weight on the bushes with half a wagon load o's tun hat chinged out o'the ledge with the roots. For tumbled back, o'course, an'the stun kivered him half up. But he didn't hunt

around to see w'uther he were hurt or not. W'y didn't be. Peieg? 'Cause, hangin' to the stuns an' to the roots an' lillin all the holes in the ledge wint the stun an' the roots had kim out of was chunks o' gold, an' hunks o' silver, an' nints o' di mons, an' lots an' gols of other sparklin' and glistenia.' things th't's wuth more'n hull counties tail o' farms. My pop he solutiered around an' got to his feet, an' all he k'd say, arter he got his breath, were—"' 'jabr'e's trump!"

"He stood thur fer mebbe a minute, a glarin' an' a starin' at the gold an salver an' precious stun, souterin' out 'Gabr'el's trump!' ev'ry time he breathed, an' then he got dizzy. The sight were too much for him. He staggered off to'ards a big mossy rock an' flopped down on it, an' fainted plamb away. He nee er know'd how long he laid that ez good ez dead, an' w'en be kim too it were a good w' lie 'fore he membered w'at had happened. He riz up on the rock he had tumbled on, an' started to see jist how much of a mine he had struck in that ledge. B'goch, Peleg, the ledge were gone! My poor of pop rubbed his eyes an' looked an'in, but th' wan't no ledge that. Then he spee fer the fust hit the Dovlis Holler were on the left o' him, an' it had ben on the right w'en he fainted on the rock. The hull side of o' Sanawkee had changed. Then my pop turned to take a look at his rock he were favin' ou, an' lo an' behold ye' th' wa'n't no rock that! Th' wa'n't no rock that! Th' wa'n't no rock that! The wan't a rock at all, but one o' them Sanawkee till clouds, an' my poor of pop had just flopped over on it in time to hev it loat him away an' land him on tother side o' Devil's Holler 'rore he kim to. He couldn't find the way up to that mine ag'in, an' it's that myself, one o' these days, an' thuz setch a thing sz mebbel mowt find it. If I do, course l'e hev the chance o' lea in' you a rollin' in gold an' a blazic with di mons, or a cuttin' yo off without a shift, an' leavin' ye to chaw dry hasks the rest o' yer days, ist ez the sierric handles me. I've

## England's High Men of Science Approve

England's High Men of Science Approve

His Treatment of Hydrophobia.

Prom the London Times.

On July 2 a meeting was held at the Mansion House "for the purpose of hearing statements from Sir James Paget and other representatives of scientific and medical opinion with regard to the recent increase of rables in this country, and as to the eliclency of the treatment discovered by M. Pasteur for the prevention of hydrophobia." Prof. Ray Lankester read letters from Prof. Sir George Stokes. M. P. ton behalf of the Royal Society, and from Prof. Tyndalf. F. R. S. Mr. J. Eric Erichsen wrote that the meeting had his entire sympathy. The secretary of the British Medical Association forwarded resolutions expressing their approval. The secretary of the Association forwarded resolutions expressing their approval. The secretary of the Association for the Advancement of Medicine and Research forwarded resolutions reconfizing "with gratitude the great services which M. Pasteur has rendered to mankind, particularly by his researches on rables and its preventive treatment." A letter from Sir Andrew Clark, announced warm appreciation of M. Pasteur's labors: Sir Henry Aciand expressed his great admiration of M. Pasteur, and his desire that an institution like the Pasteur Institute in Paris snould be established at Oxford. The following letter from Prof. Huxley was afterward read:

"Mor Load Mayon: I greatly regret my inability to be present at the meeting which is to be held under your lordship's ausoices in reference to M. Pasteur and his institute. The unremitting labors of that eminent Franchman during the last half century have yielded rich harvests of new truths, and are models of exact and refined research.

"My Load Mayon: Lycardiy regret my inability to be present at the meeting which is to be held under, your lordship's ausoices in this december of the second of treating hydrophobia. I cannot conceive that any competently instructed person can consider M. Pasteur's labors in this direction without arriving at the conclusi

Royal Society, moved the first resolution as follows: "That this meeting records its conviction that the efficacy of the anti-rabic treatment discovered by M. Pasteur is fully demonstrated."

Bir Henry Roscoe, M. P., read the following letter which he had received from M. Pasteur, dated Paris, the 27th uit.:

"Dear Colleague and Friend: "In the early days of the application of this method contradictions such as invariably take piace with every new discovery were found to occur, and especially for the reason that it is not every bite by a rabid animal which gives rise to a fatal outburst of hydrophobia. Hence prejudiced people may pretend that all the successful cases of treatment were cases in which the natural contagion of the disease had not taken effect. This specious reasoning has gradually lost its force with the continually increasing number of persons treated. To-day, and speaking solely for the one anti-rabic laboratory of Paris, this total number exceeds 7,000, or exactly, up to the 31st of May, 1889, 6,950. Of these the total number of deaths was only 71. It is only by palpable and wilful misrepresentation that a number differing from the above, and differing by more than double, has been published by those who are systematic enemies of the method. In short, the general mortality applicable to the whole of the operations is 1 per cent., and if we subtract from the total number of deaths those of persons in whom the symptoms of hydrophobia appeared a few days after the treatment—that is to say, cases in which hydrophobia had burst out foften owing to delay in arrivall before the curative process was completed—the general mortality is reduced to 0.68 per cent. But let us for the present only consider the facts relating to the English subjects whom we have treated in Paris. Up to the 31st of May, 1889, their total number was 214. Of these there have been five unsuccessful cases after completion of the treatment and two more during treatment, or a total mortality of 3.2 per cent. Of the see has succumbed

## SNAKES IN CALIFORNIA.

Hoge Said to Succumb to Their Venom There the Same as Other Animals.

From the San Francisco Ezaminer.

John Muir, the noted geologiet and naturalist, arrived here last night. A reporter found him in his room at the Grand, note paper and pencils before him.

"The greatest place I know for snakes is in Freeno county," said he. "It's not there, and

alist, arrived nore last night. A response found him in his room at the Grand, note paper and pencils before him.

"The greatest place I know for snakes is in Fresno county," said he. "It's hot there, and that's just what snakes like. They are out in the foothills mainly, and very thick. It is often snid that a ratilesnake can't hurra hog; but this is a mistake. They kill a great many hogs, and sheep and dogs, too, in the Fresno hills, and the mountaineers there are very careful how they go about.

"It makes a good deal of difference how thick a hog's skin is. Probably a little ratile-stake, if it attacked a big swine, wouldn't have much effect on it; but take an average-sized hog and medium-sized snake, and the former has no show at all. The hog dies just thesame as the a would.

"While the ratilesnakes there are probably not as thick as they used to be, they are thick enough yet to make things lively. They kill cotton-tail rabbits, squirrels, thris, and such things by the score, and live on them; but the sheep and hogs they simply kill. They don't eat tham. They are too big. Some of the ratilesnakes are said to be six and seven feet long though I never saw any quite so big. An oid resident of Fresno tells use he saw a rattlesuake strike a hog in the threat, and the latter died in fitteen or twenty minutes. If the poison gets into them it takes no time at all to kill them. There are many of ther kinds of snakes there, but not so many as there are rattlers. In the upper end of the Yosemite valley there used to be, and there are yet, a great many of the latter. They are usually found in the wild, rocky spots. In the Yosemite, above Mirror Lake, they were once very plentiful.

"One recularity of a rattlemake is that if he sees you first he will put his head down and quietly steal away. I was once above Mirror Lake, they were once very plentiful.

"One recularity of a rattlemake is that if he sees you first he will put his head down and quietly steal away. I was once above Mirror Lake, they were not set the same h

FUN AND PHILOSOPHY.

Mixed in Wise and Highly Exhilarating The Performers Pay for the Privilige of A Second Letter from Major-General Proportions, Gibbon, INADEQUATE. Our failures are rockets that lack
The force to remain in their track:
When the powder is spent
In the blue firmament.
Then the stick to the earth tumbles back.
— J'Attaclephia Press.

Sweepstakes—Broom handles,—Terre Haute Express. "So you've been to Washington!" said one farmer to another in an admiring tone. "Yes."
"Did you see our Congressman there?"

Yes." Did you see the departments there?"

"Did you see the departments there?"

"Yea."

"Well, how did it all strike you, anyhow?"

"Well, I've come to the conclusion that while Washington may have the capital of the Government, it aint got the labor—not any to speak of."—Merchant Traceler.

In the afternoon papers of yesterday John L. Sullivan had the good fortune to whip Jake Kilrain once in five rounds, once in nine rounds, and the third time in seventy-two rounds—a record never equalled by any prize lighter in history. Beside this, he was arrested twice and fought two draws. He had a busy day,—Chicago Herald.

Towne—That's too had shout Dingley, lan't

MUSIC ON EXCURSION BOATS.

To the casual observer the excursion boat musicians are mere strolling players who pick good-natured excursionists. But, in fact the same men may be found on the same boats from year to year, and no one eige but they is

society that always causes men to compete for the privilege of making money in any way has operated in this field so as to make a great change in a few years.

Formerly the players were permitted to come and go almost at will, and merely paid their fare or a small gratuity to some subordinate, or lent a hand in working the boat or moving freight. The Italians have obtained almost a monopoly of the business. When the padrones

FITZ-JOHN PORTER'S CASE AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I see that in your paper of July 4 my assertion that the court which tried Fitz-John Porter was an illegal one and that he was convicted by a vote

of five to four is challenged in a note signed
"An Officer of the Army."

I believe it is usually considered futile to try
cases the merits of which have already been decided by "the Court of Appeal." It certainly would be needless to attempt that feat in this case if it can be shown that "the Court of Appeal" has already decided the question of the illegality of a court ordered under precisely the same circumstances as the Fitz-John Por-

ter court.
In Allen Thorndike Rice's "Reminiscences

According to the control of the cont

WHERE BEAUTY IS PHOTOGRAPHED. Famous Women Hefore the Camera of an

From the Pallacetophia Press.

London, June 30.—One finds so many world-renowned celebrities passing down itegent street on a bica-ant afternoon that he keeps bobbing from one to another and often losse all. There goes Lord Tennyson!"
"Quick! The Duke of Portland was in that carriage. I wonder it that was Miss Dallas-York-with him!" "There goes a carriage with royal same." "On where! I did not see any of them." and so on all the time. While I was trying to push to the front a grand carriage drove up to the shiewalk then another and another; a red carpet was laid down to the door; there was a flash of jeweis; some bundles of millinery quickly sprang out. I gianced to the coachmen and ootnen; they all had big rosless and sain ribbone in their buttonholes. Then I know the real reason of the crowd. It was "drawing room day" in Regent street. After being presented at court the boauties were coming to be photographed.

The London photographed.

The London photographer nsually receive no other customers on that day. Most of the royalisis go to Vanier Woyde, now, It is a singular fact that Vander Weyde, now, It is a singular fact that Vander Weyde, with this old historic Dutch name, is really an American, who cause to London penniess after the war. From the Philadelphia Press.

The London photographers usually receive no other customers on that day. Most of the royalists go to Vander Worde now. It is a singular fact that Vander Worde now. It is a singular fact that Vander Worde now. It is a singular fact that Vander Worde, with this old instoric Dutch name, is really an American, who came to London penniess after the war. As the carriages rolled up the crowd increased, Several laddes in the street med to go up, but were repulsed by the grim servant in tivery at the door. When the Duchess of Mariborough swept in the excitement became tensendous and I could stand it no longer, so I found myself following yards and yards of black brocatelle, tuile, lace, passamenterie, lets, and feathers up the wide staircase to the little Moorish waiting room. There a boy in buttons stopped me, but a sew words on a card get me permission to wait and have an "interciew" in an hour, so I retired into a corner, where I could see all and be observed, while I made mental notes for the American girls.

The American Duchess of Maritorough is bearing herself voly well in London society. She is not pretty, but she has a line presence, and carries herself with grace and dignity, and a little self-consciousness or exalted looks, perhans. She was dressed in court mourning, with the magnificent lamily jewels, which were once the laurels of a spientid home. I thought her dressed in the best taste of any of the ladies in the gatlery. Many portraits of Lady Rancoph Churcuill thang about, from the simple American girl in white muslin when she lirst came over, to the more mature woman of the world in her court dress, with the star of India blazing on her bosom. The magnificent Duchess of Leinster was there, with her head litted like a great stag on the alert, Her pictures do not do her justice. She must be seen in the flesh to appreciate her color as well as her form.

Vander Weyde was asked recently to come to Mariborough House to take the Princess, and he made some lovely portraite of her, after choosing the dress she

as soon as he can and sometimes works until after midnight, forgetting club and society. He is a great social favorlie, and may often be seen on the box seat of a Duke or in the hunting party of an Earl.

We had tea from some dainty cups of eggsheli porcelain, and I asked him how he became interested in photography. It was by an accident—a terrible accident.

He was a Seventh Regiment boy. In the war he was castured, and was in Libby Prison for more than two years. He was always of an inventive genius, and could not be lidie even amid the horrors which surrounded him. While there he conceived some inventions which made him a fortune when he came out.

Then he spent five years in European travel, and visited many then little-explored countries. A sudden change swept away his fortunes. He was in London and wondering what to do; chance took him into a photographer's, ile was told he could not be taken by artificial light?" "There would be a fortune for the man who could invent one," the clerk replied. That night he went to work. His first idea was to collect the rays of the sun in a gigantic burning glass; at great expense he had one constructed, hollow and filled with water. The room for experiment was in a north light, had it been under the sun's rays the monster gla-s could have melted a man to a greas spot. One day while he was wo king there came a terrilic explosion, the glass burst, he was knocked down and deluged with water, one of the iragments piercing his arm, pinned him to the floor and severed an artery, while the blood spurted to the ceiting. The inmates of the house, hearing the noise, rushed to the room to find him senseless. He was taken to bed and for months lay in a raging fever. The room was locked, and when he was an last allowed to walk he opened the door and found the floor scattered with fragments of glass and the blood stain on the celling—the thought he had been searching for He height was too much. He fainted and bad a relapse.

When he recovered he heard that a new discovery had been mad

ing—the thought of his days of wasted labor was too much. He fainted and bad a relapse. When he recovered he heard that a low discovery had been made—the electric light. This was what he had been searching for. He hired a poor photographer to work for him nights and at last perfected the invention for which all the court beauties thank him when drawing room day is a foggy one.

The pictures produced by it are peculiarly soft and suggestive without changing the likeness of the face, for they need but little retouching. The great advantage is that the light is movable, so that when a pose is caught it can be experimented with from every point.

DESPERATE WORK WITH A BURGLAR. Mrs, Hyatt Does Good Service in Helping Her Husband Capture Him.

Mrs. Hyatt Does Good Service in Helping Her Husband Capture Him.

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

OLATHE, Kan., July 9.—John Chambers and John Chesser, two Kansas City crooks, attempted last night to burgiarize the residence of Ed. Hyatt, who lives with only his wife on a farm ten miles northeast of here. It was about 10 o'clock, and Hyatt and his wife had retired, when Chambers who had got fint the kitchen, burst open the bedroom door. The noise awakened Hyatt, who grabued a revolver from beneath his pillow and shot three times at the burglar, when the latter grappled with him, and a life and death struggle ensued for the weapon. The burglar, who was a powerin man, grabbed the revolver before Hyatt could fire any more, but the latter held on to it also. Mrs. liyatt assisted her husband, and broke the burglar's hold twice; but he realized that it was a life or death struggle and he fought like a tiger and knocked the woman down twice.

In the mean time they got into the yard, where the struggle was continued. Neither of the men could get control of the weapon long enough to shoot his adversary. The robber had both arms around Hyatt, who was beneath him, face downward. The burglar got the revolver away from liyatt at this time, but the latter pinioned his adversary's arms so tightly that he could not shoot. Finally, realizing that he e and not use the weapon, he pulled out the cylinder pin just as Mrs. Hyatt struck him on two head with a club, and he fell over exhausted as if dead. Hyatt immediately grabbed the involver from the robber's house, who returned and investigated.

The couple then ran half a mile to a neighbor's house, who returned and investigated.

The burglar was unconscious, and upon examination it was found that all three of Hyatt's shots had taken effect, one in the arm, one in the hip, and one in the stomach, the last one being pronounced fatai by the physician, who made a thorough examination of all the wounds this morning. Hyatt escaped with some burglar, ran at the first shet, but return From the St. Louis Clobe Bemorent.

Luck in Oklahoma,

From the St. Louis Globe hemocrat.

OKLAHOMA, July 10.—A local black driver purcha-ed two lots on the day after the opening from men who decided that there would never be a city, and who were going away in distost. For one he paid \$10, and for the other he traded a web-worn six-shooter. One of the lots he has since sold for \$1,100, and he is holding the six-shooter lot or \$1,500. The luckless boomer who exhausted his scantily filled treasury to get into the land of promise, and went away empty it unted contributed by his zeal and earnestness to a boom which has already netted many neat little fortunes.

A Frightful Norway Avalanche,

On both sides of the Josen Fjord, on the On both sides of the dosen Fjord, on the west coast of Norway, mountains rise perpendicularly to a beight of several thousand fest. One morning, some days and stones and rocks, some of which are said to have been as large as a house, began to fall on the western side of the fjord. The avalanche continued for over two hours, accompanied by a noise heard ten miles distant. A black cloud settles over the fjord, the water of which was in terrible commotion for many hours. A OUEER RELIGIOUS SECT.

Peculiarities and Virtues of the Sherman-

From the Cincinnati Commercial-diagette. BIRMINGHAM, Ala., July 13 .- The other day BIRMINGHAM, Aln., July 13.—The other day a rough-looking countryman walked into a general supply store in this city and stated to the proprietor that he wanted to purchase \$100 worth of goods on credit. The man were his hair long, like a woman, and his beard reached almost to his walst. His clothes were all made at home: they were ill-fitting and of the chranest material, and alterether he was a strange specimen of humanity.

What is your name? asked the merchant, when the man stated his business.

John Smith. answered the countryman.

When can you pay for the goods?"

I'll ray you in November, when I sell my cotton etsp.

cotton crop."
All right, Mr. Smith: you can have the

The goods were soon longed on Smith's wazon, and he drove away without giving the merchant a note or any kind or security.

Do you know the man? I tasked.

Note you know the man? I tasked.

Note you know the man? I tasked.

Note you know?

"How do you know?"

"How he lives he sa Shermanite. He is a member of a remarkable religious society, and if he failed to pay a dobt he would be expelled from his church and driven from the committy in which he lives in discrace. I may not see or hear of him again until next November, but if he i-living he will come and pay me every cent he cows me. The Shermanites all wear their he cows me. The Shermanites all wear their he cows me. The Shermanites are seen to know the pay of the mannites. There are about 109 families, and a happior, more conjunted people can not be tound in the world. Their religious rites and ceremonies are peculiar. Who found the society none of them seen to know, but it is very old, as the craiton were shorted they believe that only Shermanites will inherit the kingdom of heaven. They have churches and preachers, and worship in a manner simlar to may other religious sects. One of their peculiar rites is the washing of feet. A footwashing service is held once every morth, at which the service usually lasts all day, being interpressed with singing and praying.

Members of all other religious denominations they regard as heathen, and send missionaries among them instead of sending them to force service usually lasts all day, being interpressed with singing and praying.

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THE CIRCUS DEGINERATE.

Uncle Barney Carroll Bemouned Its Ancient

"Uncle Barney" Carroll, the veteran circus performer who died at his home in West Chester village last Sunday at the ripe age of 74 years, was undoubtedly the oldest circus man in the country. He was indeed a votor: old-time circus performance in which there was only one ring, no bareback riding, no com-plete somersaults or double somersaults, and when the circus clown was in all his glory. Carroll was not only a wonderful circus rider. but he was an amazing teaper and acrobat. He was in active service in the ring till 1876, when he was 61 years old, and for two years after that time was Adam Forepaugh's ringmaster. He retained all his agility and muscular power till his death, and only left the ring because he said he felt like settling down. At his home in West Chester it was his delight to instruct young aspirants for the honors of the ring in all the difficult performances. Carroll had charge of James M. Waterbury's famous amateur circus performance. On his 74th birth-day, last March, while instructing Mr. Waterbury's performers, the old man mounted a basebacked horse and performed in rapid suc-

teur circus performance. On his 74th birth-day, last March, while instructing Mr. Waterbury's performers, the old man mounted a barobacked horse and performed in rapid succession a number of such starting and difficult feats that the young meniooking on were quite overcome with astonishment.

Uncle Barney' used to love to tell his friends about the old-time circus days. The younger generation of circus, men listened to him in respectful surprise as he told them how there were no night performances in the old days, and how street parades were never heard of. A big poster lithegraph or a weed-cut would have startled people who patronized the shows then. A billb sard was yet to come, and no newspager advertising was resorted to. The advent of the show was heraided by a man who went ahead but two or three days in advance on horseback. Across the horse were thrown big saddle bars, in which were meks, hammer, and handbills. The man tacked up the handbills on trees and on the sides of barns and other conspicuous places. On the day of the arrival of the show the entire company, which generally consisted of not more than a dozen persons, would assemble in the public square, where the clown would announce the time of the circus performance. The performance was always given in the morning or afternoon. There were no evening performances, for "circus lights" had yet to be invested. Travelling was done altogether in wagons. A \$50 nouse was a bonance, and as \$51 leons fee was considered an outrage and an attempt to swindle the management.

"Uncle Barney" used to speak of the old days with melancholy. There were no evening performances was vonsidered an outrage and an attempt was a swindle the management.

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"Uncle Barney is the first was first a bird on the frequency part of the openion of the performent with which the rest of his performance was very tame, and so